

The Journal and Courier

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE OLDEST DAILY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CONNECTICUT.

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Notice.

We cannot accept anonymous or return rejected communications. In all cases the name of the writer will be required, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

London has from \$1,750,000,000 to \$2,000,000,000 of idle money waiting for investment. There is no employment for it in England, and men are glad to make temporary loans on good security at rates as low as one half of 1 per cent.

In some of the cantons of Switzerland all the dead rich as well as the dead poor are buried at public expense. Coffins and all other necessary articles are furnished on application to certain undertakers designated by the government.

The United States consul at Havre reports that large quantities of brandy imperfectly distilled by French farmers in their private stills are sent to the United States labeled "pure French brandy." The consul at Nantes corroborates this statement and says that since the advent of "crooked" brandy the increase of alcoholism in France has been very rapid. The stuff is as bad as it is cheap, but because it is "French" it finds a ready sale in this country.

A bicycle railroad on the plan of that at Coney Island is to be built between Millbrae and Pescadero, California, a distance of thirty miles. The route is through a mountainous country where it would be difficult to build even a narrow-gauge double-track road. The builders claim for their system many improvements over other single-track roads heretofore attempted, and expect to make this such a success that it will be only the first section of a system to extend all over the State.

An account has been taken in Austria-Hungary of the Christian names of persons in the empire. The name of Francis heads the list with 1,384,000; then come 1,384,000 persons who rejoice in the name of John; then Joseph, which numbers 1,085,000; Leopold has 534,000 admirers, and Wenceslaus 441,000. Of the Christian names of women Anna rules supreme in Austria with nearly 2,000,000; then comes Marie with 1,652,000, and Elisabeth has place with 1,260,000 admirers.

Philadelphia has invented a new scheme for raising funds for charitable work. It consists in the organization of "trolley parties," a form of diversion which consists in hiring a lot of street cars, all brilliantly lighted and gayly ornamented with flags, and then stringing them together in a long train, upon which everybody who chooses to buy a ticket from the managers of the affair is allowed to take passage for a ride from one end of the line to the other and back again. The other night sixty-one cars were chartered to accommodate the people who desired to help the German Hospital and amuse themselves at the same time. Three thousand and tickets were sold. It is said.

Maine's chief Fish and Game commissioner says that this season will be one of the best for fishermen and hunters in several years, and he expects the aggregate of fish and game taken to be notable. More people are fishing this year than in any previous year; many lakes have been opened after a close time of several seasons, and good catches seem to be the rule. The outlook is that big game will be very plentiful in the fall, much more so than for several seasons past. Every precaution is being taken to keep up the supply of fish, too. Especial attention will be given to the hatcheries this year, and about 200,000 fish will be distributed among the lakes and streams of the State next October.

Only \$8,000 a year is available for additions to the civil list pensions of the British government, and this sum cannot be exceeded, so that it is not possible to make many additions to the list in any one year, or to pay very large pensions. The usual amount of these pensions is \$500 a year, but this amount is sometimes varied, although rarely increased. Among the new grants to literary people this year are \$250 each to the two sisters of Walter Pater, \$500 to the widow of Philip Gilbert Hamerton, and the same amount to William Watson, the poet. George Augustus Sala gets the same sum, and so does Prof. Hain, the metaphysician and psycho-

gist, and Prof. Nicholl and Dr. Gunberg, who are pensioned as great scholars, oriental and biblical. A similar pension is given to Dr. Jabez Hogg for his services to medicine and science.

INCONSISTENT BUT HONEST.

When men come to judgment in this world, and possibly in the next, they usually do the best they can to show their purity of motive and of act, and give more or less impressive reasons why they should not be punished. We have read and heard many explanations, palliations and justifications of offences against the laws of God or man in such cases made and provided, but we do not remember any more plausible than that offered by an unfortunate gentleman who was brought before the City court yesterday charged with being drunk, and being found drunk. He argued that the charge could not possibly be correct because during a long experience with such charges he had never before pleaded not guilty. This time, however, he felt obliged to make a plea of not guilty. The force of his reasoning was great. It is evident that a man who has had a long and absolutely consistent record of pleading guilty will not want to mar that record unless he feels conscientiously bound to. He takes a certain pride in it, just as an old Democrat takes a certain pride in having been a Democrat ever since he began to vote. There is, too, somewhat of melancholy in a plea of not guilty when all the other pleas have been guilty. A man who feels obliged to make it and thus go back on himself can well claim the kind consideration of the court.

GOOD WEATHER FOR CORN.

Again we have come to good weather for corn. And there are those who are complaining because the world is so constructed that they must sweat and suffer that corn may thrive. Such people do not well to complain. They are really sweating and suffering for themselves and not for the benefit of the beautiful though insensate corn. If they can't afford to sweat and suffer on their own account who can? Let them cease complaining, look ahead and see their sure reward. By and by after the corn weather has done its perfect work the sweating and the suffering that go with it will be past. Then the corn will be ripe and golden. And after that the ripe and the golden corn will appear in the form of the pleasing Johnny-cake, the simple and sustaining hasty pudding, the robust brown bread and the mellifluous Indian pudding. Then, too, will the corn-fed beef delight the appreciative palate, and the plump and proud turkey of Thanksgiving reveal the virtue that is in corn. And, moreover, out of the still fed with the yellow corn will flow the "odoriferous tears" that make glad the heart of man.

Therefore, beloved brothers and sisters, sweat and suffer on all patiently in this splendid weather for corn. Not sentimental regard for a mere growth of the field or noble altruism call you to sweat endurance, but your own dear interests. Look far out over the heat waves and see your ship coming in.

AN IMPARTIAL OPINION.

Almost the last official work done by the law officers of the crown under the Rosebery government in England was to render an opinion of the greatest significance to all rural parish councils. One of the most important functions of the new rural administration is the provision of allotments. Under the allotment acts, the provision of land is to be for "the laboring classes." It was one of the doubtful points of the new law whether or not this limitation applied to parish councils at all; but, on the presumption that it did, the opponents of allotments in many districts seized upon the term, and attempted to give it the narrowest possible explanation, arguing that it included nobody but actual laborers engaged in the cultivation of the soil; and cases have arisen repeatedly in which village artisans have been refused the benefit of the act because of the acceptance of this narrow definition. Now the law officers have ruled that "the laboring population" means the population that, in substance, makes a living by manual labor, including all smiths, carpenters, ploughmen, artificers, workers in factories, or others whose work is in the main manual, even though skill and knowledge be required for it. They further declared that the act authorizes letting not only to those who labor themselves, but to those also who may fairly be said to be of the laboring population, such as the widow of a laborer.

FASHION NOTES.

Plackets at the Side. Few dressmakers to really swell folk now put a placket in the middle of the back of a skirt. All tailor or half tailor skirts are made with a pair of openings at each side, in front of the hips. These are made part of the finish of the dress, are supplied with flaps that button over and the mannish girl has pockets set in the openings. Dresses less severe have the placket at the side towards the back, just under the shadow of the first organ pipe fold, and so many are the precautions taken in the way of under-flaps, hooks and eyes that the yawning of a placket is impossible. Many makers have double fastenings, the lining of the skirt hooking immediately in the back, the outer material crossing over and fastening at the side as above described. In this manner is the skirt pictured here made, and its set is perfect, but others than the most skillful dressmakers profess to find dif-

ficulty in making skirts hang tight when the placket is at the side. This skirt's material is gray and cream striped crepon, and is worn with a blouse waist of gray and pink shot silk whose full front and fitted back are velled with coarse meshed lace showing a winding, rather heavy pattern. Around the waist comes a wide plain belt of the shot silk ornamented in front with four buttons, and the lace stock collar has a



big bow of shot ribbon in the back. Shot silk gives the puffed sleeves, which terminate at the elbow, being finished with ribbon bands and bows.

Carefully dressed women sometimes wear with a crepon skirt a velvet bodice to match, but of a darker shade. The bodice opens over a point of brilliantly spangled contrasting material that is set flat in the back and that droops in the required blouse fashion in front. Revers of satin ribbon harmonizing with both skirt and bodice cover the edges of contact between velvet and inserted points, a belt of the same ribbon has a big butterfly bow at the back and a collar is made to correspond. Four materials are thus employed without, however, the effect of a "bodice to be worn with any skirt."

FLORETTE.

GOING.

"The wheel has come to stay," says a contemporary. We had supposed it had come to go.—Lowell Courier.

There is one blood vessel that any weak mortal is glad to burst, and that is the mosquito.—Archibald Globe.

Philanthropist—My friend, you should have an aim in life. Dismal Dawson—What's the use of takin' aim less'n I kin git a ball?—Indianapolis Journal.

"Was he warmly received upon the occasion of his debut in tragedy?" "Warmly?" Why, they had to ring down the asbestos curtain.—Detroit Tribune.

Woman at the door—Do you ever use soap? Tramp—No'm; I'm one of them that don't believe in interferin' wid de natchuril progress ov nature.—Syracuse Post.

Not to be Seen.—Judge—You say you have some means of subsistence? Tramp—Yes, your honor, Judge—Then why is it not visible? Tramp—I ate it.—Harlem Life.

"One thing I have just discovered." Said the tramp just after his flight; "That dog over there has got a bark. That ain't half as bad as his bite!"—Puck.

"Shaving," said the populist boarder, "is merely a habit." "So is a beard," remarked the Cheerful Idiot. "Just look how it grows on a man as he gets older."—Indianapolis Journal.

Rollingstone Nomos—Well, dere's one satisfaction in knowin' dat I always have money wid me. Tatterdorn Torm—Aw, come off. Rollingstone Nomos—Dax's right. I swayed a dime when I was a kid, an' it ain't ever been seen since.—Philadelphia Record.

Irene—Isn't it curious how innocent George Ferguson is? They say he never kissed anybody in his life and doesn't know how to kiss. Laura—That is not a word of truth in it! He has—that is, he—why, I should think he would know by this time.—Chicago Tribune.

May—You seemed to be so in love with your art that you would never marry, and yet here you have eloped with a man old enough to be your grandfather. Bunch—Ah, my dear, you have no idea how difficult it is to find an old master in this country—particularly one worth thirty thousand a year.—The Connorsen.

Father (coming unexpectedly upon the scene)—Ah! Just as I thought! In swimming on Sunday. Boy (putting on a bold front)—I fell in, dad. Father (angrily)—Don't lie to me! You've got your clothes off. Boy—Well, you wouldn't have wanted me to fall in this muddy water with my Sunday clothes on, would you?—Puck.

LAST OF THE BUFFALOES.

Preparations Making to Capture the Only Remaining Wild Herd.

(From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.) Dr. J. B. Taylor, the wealthy stockman of Tom Green county, has been in San Antonio during the past few days making the final preparations for the rounding up of the herd of wild buffalo which have again found their way into Texas from the mountains of the state of Chihuahua, Mexico. Since his arrival here Dr. Taylor received a telegram from a stockman of Pecos county stating that the herd had just been seen in the lower part of that county, and that they are making their way up the valley of the Pecos river. This is encouraging news to those who are interested in the capturing of the animals and placing them in captivity.

This herd of buffalo was first discovered about five years ago by the Hon. George Fulton, the wealthy land owner of southwest Texas. Mr. Fulton is a great hunter, and with a party of friends was spending a few weeks in the mountains of Richi county hunting deer, bear and other large game which abound in that section. One morning he set off from his camp alone, and had traveled over the mountains for three or four hours, when he came to a small valley. He was thunderstruck to see feeding in the valley a herd of buffalo. He was within a few hundred yards of them, and was enabled to count them accurately. There were eighteen old ones and two calves. Mr. Fulton had killed many buffalo in the good old days when the animals roamed at will in large herds over the prairies of Texas, and he was so pleased

to find that game was not extinct that he did not take a shot at the remnant of the race of animals which he supposed was entirely extinct in Texas. After feasting his eyes upon the herd for some time he made his way back to camp and told the story to his companions. His tale was received with incredulity, but Mr. Fulton was determined to prove his statements, and started out with his party to view the animals. He tied them across the mountains, but after two days' search no trace of the buffalo could be found. The story told by Mr. Fulton of his discovery of the herd of buffalo was soon spread over the state, and he soon received a reputation as a monumental liar in that respect.

So great was the belief that he had attempted to impose upon the credulity of his friends in the matter that the name of "Buffalo" George Fulton was given him. The buffalo story was even made a part of campaign literature, and when Mr. Fulton was prominently mentioned in after years as a candidate for governor his political enemies made capital out of the remarkable tale which he had told, and were successful in defeating his prospect for the gubernatorial nomination.

Mr. Fulton bore all this with a proud and self-possessed spirit, confident that his vindication would come sooner or later. He made several trips to the section where he had seen the buffalo, but was unable to get a trace of them. A little over a year ago, however, he had his first inning. The report came from Val Verde county that a Mexican sheep herder had seen in a valley of that county a herd of about thirty wild buffalo. The animals were quietly feeding when observed, and there were four calves among them. The report soon reached Mr. Fulton, and he immediately communicated the fact of the rediscovery to his friend, Dr. Taylor. The latter decided to make the attempt to round up the buffalo, and place them on his ranch, where they could be preserved and propagated for the benefit of science, and as a relic of bygone days.

Dr. Taylor at once proceeded to organize an expedition for the purpose of going after and capturing the herd. He communicated with the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, and invited it to send a representative with the expedition. A favorable reply was received stating that one of the attaches of the institution had been delegated to accompany the party. Invitations were also sent to Governor Hogg of Texas, and a number of the most prominent sportsmen and old-time buffalo hunters in the country to join the party, which was to make its start from San Antonio last October. Nearly all these invitations were accepted, and all the preliminary arrangements for the expedition were made, even the selection of a number of Mexican guides, who were to conduct the party to the valley in which the buffalo were last seen, and assist in the round-up and driving of the herd to Dr. Taylor's ranch, about one hundred and fifty miles north.

In order to expedite matters Dr. Taylor sent out a party of Mexican cowboys in the latter part of September to find the exact location of the herd. This party of scouts or trail riders made their way to the little valley where the herd was seen. They found that they were no longer there, but they were trailed without difficulty up the Rio Grande valley for a distance of one hundred miles to a point where they had crossed the river into Mexico a short distance below the town of Presidio del Norte. The herd had been seen by a number of Mexicans as it travelled up the river, and one of the calves had been shot by a Mexican named Flores.

The trail was followed into Mexico for about twenty-five miles and then given up. It was seen that the herd had taken refuge in the mountains that line the border to the State of Chihuahua. The trail riders reported the result of their work to Dr. Taylor, and the latter, of course, had to postpone the proposed expedition until the consent of the Mexican government could be obtained for the removal of the herd from that country. He took the matter up with the proper authorities of Mexico several months ago, and had not yet received a decision when the good news came to him the other day that the herd had again crossed over into Texas. He will immediately notify all the members of the party who were to capture the herd, and the hunters to have everything in readiness for rounding up the animals and placing them upon his ranch within a month or two. He has informed Mr. Fulton, who is now in New York, of the situation and will go to St. Louis in a few days on business connected with the proposed expedition.

China a Vast Graveyard.

The face of all nature is pimpled with graves. No farm is so small that it cannot afford at least one; no hill is so high (I speak of the Garden provinces of China) that it is not dotted with them to the top. No city lacks them within and without its walls; only the compact parts of the compact cities are without them. They vary in shape and form as everything varies in China. The saying is that "in ten miles everything is different," and it certainly is so with the graves. Near Shanghai this eruption on the face of nature took the form of shapeless mounds of earth, perhaps six feet long by three feet wide and three or four feet high. There the coffins had been put on the ground and covered over with dirt. Farther along, toward Soochow and the Grand Canal, the graves were brick affairs, round-topped, and square at the ends. In the

other direction, at and near Cha-pu, on the coast, they were often vaults of earth faced with earth and surrounded by a horseshoe or broken circle of earth-work. Some of these had three door ways, and looked like triple bake ovens. But, down Cha-pu way many of the graves were perfect little houses of brick, with the roofs, and even with roofs whose corners were bent up in grand style. There are graveyards in China, family or village graveyards, that look like mere disturbances of the earth, where acres have been turned up into mounds or covered with brick ovens, and there are graveyards that are solemnly planted with rows of trees. But, as a rule, the farmers bury their dead in their rice or cotton fields or among their mulberry trees, and the poor buy or lease a resting-place for their departed upon the acres of some wealthier man. I don't know whether it be true or not, but I was told that the graves are kept or let alone, until a change of dynasty occurs, when they are razed, and China begins over again to preempt a great fraction of her surface for her dead. If so, it is time for a change of dynasty, because a vast portion of the soil is lost to the farmers, who otherwise cultivate almost every foot of it. And the graves are in all stages of rack and ruin and disorder. At one time you see scores of tombs whose ends have been worn down by the elements or have fallen out so as to show the coffin ends or an outbreak of skulls and bones. There is nothing that is possible that you do not see, even to disclosures of great earthen jars full of bones, where the original graves and coffins have worn away. There the bones have been reinterred in pots, and these in turn have been exposed by the careless hand of time. You see bare coffins set out in the rice fields because the mourners were too poor to brick them over, and you see scores of thousands of coffins merely covered over with thatched straw. You see the grand tombs of mandarins taking up half a mile of the earth. First there are the granite steps leading to a splendid triple arch all beautifully carved. Then follows the stately approach to the tomb—a wide avenue bordered by trees, and set with lions and warriors, horses and sages, all hewn out of stone. Finally the tomb itself, on a hillside if possible, stares down the avenue at all these costly ornaments. But it must be that most of these monuments are to men long dead—perhaps to men of distant ages. Therefore most of them are falling to pieces. Some are merely beginning to crumble, some are waste places with broken suggestions of what they were, and some have been invaded by farmers and by the populace, with the result that you see portions of the once grand arch set in a near-by bridge or used as steps to a water-side tea house.—From "Everyday Scenes in China," by Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine for August.

Up Salt River.

(From the Philadelphia Times.) "Bound for Salt River" is a phrase heard every day. Aspirants for political honors seldom run very long without knowing how it feels to be saluted with the words. Everybody knows what it means. Not so many, however, are so well informed as to when and where the expression originated.

Away back in the early forties an old office friend who lived in Pike county, Missouri, about the mouth of Salt River, ran for the legislature and was defeated. He moved into the next county further up the river, where he again tried to persuade the people to elect him to the legislature. Again he was defeated. Nothing daunted, he moved further up the river and once more announced himself as a candidate for the legislature. Once more his constituents started him on his voyage further up the river in search of political elevation. Many years afterward, when people made inquiries about the old office seeker the answer would invariably be:

WE have been handling
Pure Wines for over
half a century; we
know the meaning of
the word PURE, and
use it advisedly when
offering

California
Table
1892 Claret

Per dozen Quarts, - - \$2.30
" Pints, - - - 1.65
that we know to be
sound, bright and PURE.

Edw. E. Hall & Son,
770 Chapel Street.

CHASE & CO.,
New Haven House Building.

OUR
LADIES' WAISTS,

Ready-to-wear,
Have at last arrived, and
owing to the lateness of
the season we shall sell
them at

\$2.75.

In style they are simply BEYOND
anything to be found ready-made else
where.

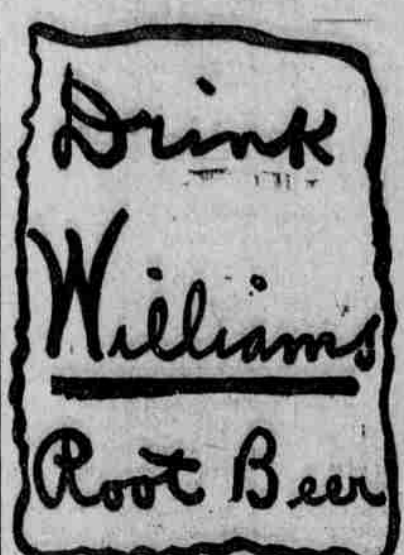
CHASE & CO.

"He is still moving up Salt River and
running for the legislature."

There are a few old people still living
about Florida, Mo., who know the man
whose constant defeat has given birth
to a phrase that will live longer than
any work ever performed by a member
of the Missouri legislature. His name
has escaped political history.

Build One Another's Homes.

[From the Chicago Chronicle.]
A novel co-operation system has lately
been started among the carpenters
and painters of San Francisco, through
which the individual workmen are be-
coming owners of homes of their own
without any cost for construction. As
soon as any member of the local organ-
ization has saved enough money to buy
a lot and the necessary lumber, all his
fellow-workmen turn to the next Sun-
day and build the house for him. In
one of the suburban additions of the
city a little colony of these "Sunday
homes" has already grown up. The
houses are not pretentious, but are solidly
built and comfortable.



LAST WEEK
OF OUR

Reduction Sales.
This Week

BIG CUT
IN

CHAMBER
SUITS.

The Bowditch Furniture Co.,
100 to 106 Orange Street.
Closed Saturdays at 10 o'clock.
Open Monday evenings.

COMMITTEE ON SEWERS.

THE Committee on Sewers will meet in
room 10 and 11, City Hall, on Wednes-
day, July 23rd, 1895, at 8 p.m., at which time
the following matters will be considered:
Petition of T. F. Fitzpatrick et al. for a
sewer in Orchard street between George and
Oak streets, and in direct avenue between
Orchard and Elliot streets.

Petition of L. M. Watrous et al. for, and re-
monstrance of Burton Mansfield et al. against,
a sewer in Greenwich avenue between Kim-
berly avenue and the Boulevard sewer.

All persons interested in any of the foregoing
are hereby notified to appear and be
heard thereon without further notice.

Per order, AUGUST D. SANBORN, Chairman,
EDWARD A. STREET, Assessor, City Clerk,
District of New Haven, ss. Probate Court, July 18, 1895.

ESTATE OF NANCY S. BROCKETT, late of
New Haven, in said district, deceased.
The Court of Probate for the district of New
Haven hath limited and allowed six months
from the date hereof for the creditors
of said estate to exhibit their claims for set-
tlement. Those who neglect to present their
accounts, properly attested, within said time,
will be deemed a recovery. All persons in-
debted to said estate are requested to make
immediate payment to

FRANKLIN L. KUMM,
Administrator, c. t. a.

TELEPHONE 884-5

CHARLES P. THOMPSON,
"THE SHOP,"
60 Orange Street.

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LOWEST PRICES.

Coffees roasted fresh daily and ground
to order.

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GRAND CENTRAL SHOPPING EMPORIUM.
F. M. BROWN. D. S. GAMBLE.

F. M. BROWN & CO.

Ice Cream

freezers and Baby Carriages
get the buying in our
great basement this morn-
ing.

Low prices ad-
vertized else-
where are not
as low as ours.

A call here will prove it.
Here is a sample attraction!
We have bunched for to-
morrow all our \$1.25,
98c and 75c

Shirt Waists,
plenty of sizes. While they
last, for



We could print a page of such
Values
but it is less work to come
and see them.

F. M. Brown & Co.

WAX POLISH OIL

For floors in Stores, Banking Houses and
Public Buildings wherever a clean oil waxed
surface is desired.
No dust will arise from sweeping.

"WAXINE" for Kitchen Floors.

CALL FOR CIRCULAR.

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98 CROWN STREET.

COMPRESSED AIR
Carpet Cleaning Works.
WILLIAM F. KNAPP & CO.,
Proprietors.

106 Court St., New Haven, Ct.
Work done at short notice. mh8st

District of New Haven, ss. Probate Court,
July 18th, 1895.

ESTATE OF ABNER C. LAYTON, of New Ha-
ven, in said district, assigning debtor.
The trustee represents the estate in-
solvant and prays the appointment of com-
missioners thereon.

ORDERED—That commissioners to receive
and examine the claims of the creditors of
said estate be appointed at a court of probate
to be held at New Haven, within and for the
district of New Haven, on the 25th day of
July, 1895, at 10 o'clock, forenoon; of which
all persons in interest will take notice and ap-
pear, if they are cause, and be heard thereon.

LIVINGSTON W. CLEVELAND,
Judge.

LAZY

MERCHANTS

Few care to trade with,
even in this hot wea-
ther. We manage to
work up

Unlike berries or the
froth on a glass of
sparkling fizzee, Fur-
niture and Carpets
and other Housefur-
nishings

Last a good while—that is, our
kind do. And so there is money
in it to buy now.

This isn't an argument
—it's a fact.

May we expect a call from you?

P. J. KELLY & CO.,

Grand Ave., Church street.